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MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1909.

This suspense is something awful!

If father seems pained when he comes home tonight you will know that the Tigers lost.

And if he smiles, praises the cooking, cuddles the baby and pets the dog, you will know that the Tigers won.

Queer, isn't it, how quickly sentiment changed when Detroit won that second game in Pittsburgh.

The football hero will kindly thank himself around in some vacant lot until this world series is over.

The William Jennings Bryans have just celebrated their silver wedding. Not that night—silver, not gold.

Miss Robbins is home. Now is the time for some enterprising young chap to end this colossal talk show for all.

If they prohibit bell hops from serving drinks in hotel bars, which will be the necessity of carrying the water the morning after.

The News is pleased to note the resignation of Health Officer H. M. Weston of Calumet in reply that the drinking water is all right, a recent analysis showing the water to be absolutely pure and free from all contamination. There have been flies in the past when the water was not so pure, but people were urged to boil it before using for drinking purposes, but those were times when rainy rains or melting snow washed bacteria into Lake Michigan, or the storm stirred up the water causing impurities to get into the intake pipes, or late, however, there has been nothing of this sort to cause trouble, the health officer being of the opinion that the present cause is sporadic, and their cause is unimportant. His belief is that there is no epidemic of typhoid, and other cases of contagious diseases in Calumet are no more common in Calumet.

Why So Weak?

Kidney Troubles May be Sapping Your Life Away, Calumet People Have Learned This Fact.

When a healthy man or woman begins to run down without apparent cause, becomes weak, languid, depressed, suffers backache, headache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, kidney weakness may be the cause of it all. Keep the kidneys well and they will keep you well. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys and keep them well. Can Calumet readers demand further proof than the following statement:

St. Brown, 295 S. Jerome St., Escanaba, Mich., says: "About two years ago I began to suffer from pains in the lower part of my back and after a hard day's work, I would be so lame that I could hardly straighten. In the morning upon arising, I felt lame and sore and the kidney secretions were often scant. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I accordingly procured a box. My kidneys were soon strengthened and the pains in my back disappeared. Recently when I had a return of pain, I again used Doan's Kidney Pills and I am glad to say that they promptly relieved me. I gladly tell of the great benefit I derived from this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and get it at once.

The Tariff Board



New tariff board... under the leadership of James B. Reynolds, President of the Tariff Board, and Henry C. Emery, Chairman of the Commission, will be purely advisory and its power is at present limited to assisting the administration of maximum and minimum rates.

New York, Oct. 11.—One of the last official acts of the president before he left Beverly was to appoint the new tariff commission. The work of this commission will be purely advisory and its power is at present limited to assisting the administration of maximum and minimum rates.

The commission is composed of three well-known tariff experts: Prof. Henry C. Emery of Yale university was chosen chairman, James B. Reynolds of Boston and Alvin H. Sanders of Chicago complete the commission.

Mr. Sanders is a native of Iowa. He was born in Talleysburg, Iowa, in 1861. His father is said to have founded the first livestock paper published in the United States, called the Western Stock Journal, in 1882. In 1893 the older Sanders came to Chicago and founded the first weekly livestock journal in the country, known as the Breeder's Gazette.

The son attended the Chicago high school, took his advanced work at Cornell university, and in 1881 entered the Chicago College of Law. He graduated from that institution, but he did not go into the practice of law. Instead he went into business with his father in the conduct of the Breeder's Gazette.

Secretary Reynolds is an expert on tariff questions. His reports on the progress of the Wilson-Gorman bill when he was a newspaper correspondent, sent in Washington a number of years ago, brought him to the attention of President Roosevelt. Since his appointment to the treasury department he has been especially active in the investigation of tariffs, both foreign and domestic and he recently made an extensive tour of Europe in the interests of the inquiry.

and vicinity than elsewhere. We only take it for granted then, that the water is not the cause of the present scattered cases of typhoid here, which is certainly reassuring. To be on the safe side at all times, however, samples of the drinking water are frequently sent to Ann Arbor for analysis, probably averaging once a month. In this way close watch is kept on the quality of the supply.

A VITAL POINT IN EDUCATION.

The following by Sup. H. E. Kratz, from the Calumet School Manual for four teachers most definitely a vital point in education:

"Several years ago an investigation was made in grades three to nine of the Calumet schools to ascertain the loss of time in the study period. It was shown that heavy losses occurred, (1) from mind wandering; (2) from memorizing words without grasping their meaning or seeing their application; (3) from inability to distinguish essential from non-essential; (4) from failure to think out relations between facts as they were required; (5) from neglect to work out helpful outlines of the important facts; (6) from failure to test degree of mastery of facts by thorough self-questioning."

"Steps were taken looking toward a better utilization of the study period. It was evident that in seeking to overcome these losses that persistent and stimulating training must be given the pupils for the development of power in concentration, in interpretation of words, in condensing a paragraph into a few words, in discerning relations, in organizing and applying knowledge, in intelligent outlining of leading facts and in development of the habit of self-questioning. It was recognized that underlying all these means of development was the necessity for the continuous and stimulating development of will power, and on its wise development the success or failure of these pupils largely depended. The appeal was made direct, to arouse the pupils to make persistent efforts to train themselves into better habits of study, by making clear to them that increased power will surely come to those who will continue earnestly and persistently to seek each improvement in power. It was made clear that all boys and girls have given them wonderful bodies and minds and wills to train, that these are very much alike as far as power is concerned, but that some train their bodies and minds so that they grow rapidly in power and skill, while others do not, and soon wide differences in power to do work appear. This is true in gaining power to study. Some try and keep on trying and become strong. Others try a little, become tired, indifferent and quit. This fall to grow

divided into ten payments. There will be a...

TAFT'S JOURNEY THRO' TEXAS

(Continued from Page 1.)
their entourage start for Mexico, crossing the international bridge at high noon. The officials of Juarez, the Mexican city opposite El Paso, have arranged an elaborate entertainment.

At 1:15 o'clock President Taft will go back to his own country. The return will be marked with a great civic and military parade. The president will then address the people of El Paso, and at 3 o'clock Mr. Taft is again due at the chamber of commerce to meet the Ohio society and Yale Alumni. After a half hour reception the president will be enabled to enjoy a brief rest at his hotel, and at 5:30 o'clock President Taft's special will cross the river for the 6:00 o'clock banquet which will be given for the two executives at the Juarez custom house. Two hours later Mr. Taft will be on his way across the Texas empire. His leaving will be characterized only by cheers and the good wishes of his countrymen, as the war department regulations do not permit of gun salutes after sunset, however, in Mexico he may be given a noisy farewell as he quits Mexican soil.

On his long journey from El Paso to San Antonio there will be ample escort for Mr. Taft. Notable in this escort will be 100 members of the International Club of San Antonio who have chartered a special train for the trip to and from the border. Mr. Taft is an honorary president of this organization, and is Gen. Diaz. The purpose of the club is to promote business between the two republics. The club members purpose holding a special meeting at Juarez, in order that General Diaz may preside. Immediately ahead of the president's train will be the American troops returning to San Antonio.

Continuing his journey eastward, President Taft will at night travel through the desert portions of Texas, and also that part which scenically is as beautiful as any in the state. He will awaken in the little town of Longfield, where his daylight reception will again begin. A few miles further on a ten minute stop will be made at Sanderson for a change of engines, and then he will come to Langtry, a little place noted not because it was named for the "Jersey Lilly," but because of the residence there of a justice of the peace, Roy Bean, who proclaimed himself the "law west of the Pecos river"—and he was.

Just a little further on the president will cross the highest railroad bridge in the United States. A fifteen minute stop is scheduled at Del Rio, a town of 7,000, which has been in the limelight because of some revolutionary societies formerly in existence there.

From there on Mr. Taft will pass through a part of the irrigated section of Texas, portions of which have been known as the garden spot of Texas. An enthusiastic lot of people reside in the small towns, and the president is assured of some hearty cheering as his train rolls along.

Just as night falls the president's train will be entering San Antonio, commonly accepted as the meropolis of Texas, and around which cluster a wealth of historical associations, for it is this ancient city in which stands the Alamo, the shrine of Texas liberty. The program at San Antonio is still subject to slight modifications, although the feature of the president's visit to the historic old city will be the acceptance of the chapel and library which is located within the confines of Fort Sam Houston. This structure is a gift from the citizens of San Antonio, the money for its erection being raised through popular subscriptions ranging from 50 cents to \$1,500. The action of San Antonio is unique as it is setting a precedent for other places where army posts are located. The building is designed to furnish a place of recreation for officers and enlisted men at all times, both on week days and Sundays. The building has been erected under the supervision of Chaplain Thomas J. Dickinson of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, whom the war department detailed here for the purpose. An commander in chief of the army, President Taft will formally accept the chapel and library for the officers and men under him.

Upon his arrival in the city on the evening of Oct. 17, the president will be tendered a brief reception by Mayor Callaghan and other city officials. The following day will be strenuous for Mr. Taft. He will start the morning with a review of all of the troops at Fort Sam Houston at 8:30 a. m. Shortly after this ceremony is completed, the president will return to the center of the city, where he will be welcomed to the city by half a dozen speakers.

This ceremony will be followed with a noon luncheon, at which the business and professional men will be the hosts. At 5:30 o'clock the president will be the guest of honor at a formal banquet. This is expected to consume at least the two hours preceding Mr. Taft's departure for his brother's ranch at Corpus Christi.

Mr. Taft's original schedule called for his departure from San Antonio but after the U. S. S. Monocacy was struck by a shot from the Chinese forts, he landed a force for the protection of the life and property of Americans. Admiral Kempf was retired for age in 1902.

INFERRED.

The journals give too little space. To one plain fact, forsooth: The Arctic globe is not the place, for frozen truth.

—Philadelphia Ledger.



The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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"Way, I couldn't have closed my eyes," replied Hillard.
"But won't she need you up there?" Merril was obviously troubled.
"If she needs me she'll send for me. I shall remain here and wait. She is free. Thank God!"

"Didn't Giovanni tell us that he had friends in Florence, near Florence, and that he was going to visit them?" asked Merril.
"Giovanni! I had forgotten. But what had my old valet against the prince?"

"Giovanni had a daughter," said Merril. "His knife left a scar on the man. The prince carried a long scar on his cheek."

Hillard began dressing in his day clothes, stopping at times and frowning at the walls.
At night the last of the American Comic Opera company struggled into the hotel. O'Malley, verbose as ever, did all the talking.
"You wouldn't know her," he said, referring to La Signorina, for they would always call her that. "When she heard of that duffer's death I swear that she believed you had a hand in it. But when she heard that the accident had occurred before you left the villa she just collapsed. The police were hunting for the missing sabre. Of course we knew nothing about it," with a wink at Merril.

When the others were gone Hillard asked Kitty if she had any news.
"She said that she would write you and for you to remain here till you received the letter."

"Was that all?"
"Yes. Have you seen anything of that wretched man Worth, who is the cause of all this trouble?"
"No, nor do I care to."

Kitty and Merril went out together.
They were gone to America, and Hillard was alone. He missed them all sorely—Merril with his cheery laugh, Kitty with her bright eyes and O'Malley with his harmless drolleries. And no letter!

Daily he searched the newspapers for news of Giovanni. But to all appearances Giovanni had vanished, as indeed he had, forever out of Hillard's sight and knowledge.

The letter came one week after the departure of his friends. It was postmarked Venice. And the riddle was solved.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LETTER.

MY father was Colonel Grosvenor of the Confederate army during the civil war. On General Lee's staff was an Italian named the Principi di Monte Bianca. Rich, titled, a real noble, he was at heart an adventurer, a word greatly abused these inglorious days. My father was cut from the same pattern, a wild and reckless spirit in those crowded times. The two became friends such as you and Mr. Merril are. Their exploits became famous. My father was also rich and a man of foresight. His real wealth was in foreign securities, mines, oils, steel, steamships. When the war terminated the prince prevailed upon my father to return with him to Italy. Italy itself was in turmoil. He left Galatone, that Piedmontese hunter, Vittorio Emanuele, wished to liberate Venice from the grasp of Austria, to wrest temporal power from the Vatican and to send the French troops back to France. Well, he accomplished all these things, and both my father and the prince were with him up to the time he entered the Quirinal. After victory, peace, my father invested in villas and palaces and settled down to end his days in the Venetian palace on the Grand Canal.

Then my father, still young, remember, fell in love with the daughter of a Venetian noble. It was a happy union. Shortly after the prince also married. He was, with the exception of my father, the most lovable man I ever knew—brave, kindly, impetuous, honorable, witty and wise. It does not seem possible that such a father should have such a son.

There came a great day. A young prince was born, and the rough king stood as his godfather. Later I added my feeble protest, at the cost of my mother's life. As I grew up I became my father's constant companion. We were always out of doors. By and by he sent me to America to school. I returned from America to enter a convent out of Rome and later went to Milan and studied music.

One fatal day the old prince and my father put their heads together and determined that this great friendship of theirs should be perpetuated. The young prince should marry the youngest signorina. They drew up the strangest of wills. Both men were in full control of their properties. There was no entail estate such as one finds in England. They could do as they pleased. And this was before Italy had passed the law requiring that no art treasures should be sold or transported. Fortunately for me, my mother's property was considerable.

The impossible clauses in the joint will read that if we two young people declined the bargain the bulk of the estates should revert to the crown. Again, if we married and separated and were not reunited inside of five years the fortunes should become the crown's. If, having separated from my husband, either for just or unjust reasons, I should secretly or publicly occupy any villa or palace mentioned in the will it would be a tacit admission that I accepted my husband. Was

there ever such an insane tangle kind,ly meant? We must marry; we must be happy. That our minds and hearts were totally different did not matter at all.

Time went on. The old prince died suddenly; his wife followed. And then my kind and loving father went the way. I was taken under the wing of a duchessa who was popular at court. At this period the young prince was one of the handsomest men in Europe. He was brave, clever and engaging.

On completing my education I decided to live in Rome. The old duchessa mothered the rich American girl gladly, for though I was half Italian, they always considered me as the child of my father. I was presented at court. I was asked to dinners and receptions and balls. I was quite the rage because the dowager queen gave me singular attention.

The prince by this time seemed changed in some way. But I was blindly young. Often I noticed the long scar on his cheek. He had received it, he said, in some cavalry exercise.

Now, there was another clause in this will. It was the one thing which made the present life tolerable and possible to me. We were to be mar-



ried without pomp, quietly, first at the magistrate's and then at the church. At last the day came.

We passed through the streets to the magistrate's. I did not know then that I was not in love, that I was only young and curious. I threw roses to any who asked. The prince sat beside me in full dress uniform, looking very handsome and distinguished. The prince smiled, but he was nervous and not at ease. I thought nothing of this at the time. I believed his nervousness a part of my own.

The magistrate performed his part. Legally we were man and wife. We were leaving for the church when at the very doorway a handsome woman, sad eyed, weary, shabbily dressed, touched me on the arm.

"A rose, signora!"
I gave it to her, smiling pityingly.
"God pray," she said, "that this man will make you happier than he made me!"

"Let us be on!" said the prince eagerly.
"Wait!" I turned to the woman. "Signora, what do you mean by those words?"
"His highness knows." She pointed to the prince, whose face I now saw, strangely enough, for the first time. It was black with rage and ugliness. "What has he been to you?" I demanded.

She answered, I understood. In that moment I became a woman without illusions. Without looking at the prince I entered the carriage and closed the door in his face. He stormed; he lied. I was of stone. He turned upon the poor woman and struck her in the face. Even had I loved him that would have been the end of the romance. I drove home. There would be no wedding at the church that day. There was a great scandal. Every one took up the prince's cause, with the exception of the king.

The prince was almost bankrupt. He had squandered his all. He had sold to usurers half of the fortune he expected to get after marrying me. He had not the slightest affection for me. He was desperate and wanted the money. How old and wise I became during that ride home from the magistrate's! I vowed he should never have a penny. It should all go to the crown. When at length he found that I was really serious he became blue in his troubles. He was the one who was wronged. He gave life to such rumors among those I knew that soon I found doors closed to me which had always been open. No Italian woman could see the matter from my point of view. I was an American for all that my mother was a Venetian, therefore I was wrong.

There! That is all. There is no more mystery concerning Sonia Hilda Grosvenor.

And so the letter ended. There was not a word regarding any future meeting. There was nothing to read between the lines. A great loneliness surged over Hillard. Was this, then, really the end? No! He would wait here in Florence till the day of doom. He would waste no time in seeking her, for he knew that if he sought he would not find.

Day after day dragged through the hours, and Florence grew thin and forlorn. Sometimes he rode past the Villa Ariadne, but he never stopped. It was in the middle of June that one afternoon the concierge handed him a telegram. It contained but three words:

"Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio."

The Villa Serbelloni, now a hotel, stands on a wooded promontory among

To be Continued.